

Of course, Peggy had acted meanly, but a promise is a promise, and mother had brought us up to keep one whenever we made it. Besides, you couldn't read one of Miss Newell's books without discovering what opinion she would have of a girl who would break a promise. I didn't know what to do, but I felt I must decide that night. It would never do to leave it till the next morning, for that wouldn't give Peggy a chance to curl her hair. Finally, just at dusk, I marched over to Peggy's through the fir grove. Peggy saw me coming, and she met me at the door, but she didn't speak.

"Miss Newell is coming to our place tomorrow afternoon," I said just as stiffly and politely as anything you ever hear, "and I have come to ask you over, because I promised long ago that I would."

Peggy caught me by the arm and pulled me right into the hall.

"Oh, Alice, do forgive me," she said. "It's lovely of you to ask me over to meet Miss Newell. And honestly, Alice, I didn't take your apron, but—"

"I never supposed you stole it," I broke in. "I thought you'd just borrowed it to tease me. But since you say you didn't, of course it is all right, and—"

"But it isn't all right," interrupted Peggy, looking miserable. "I—I have something to confess. I was bound to show you I could get that pattern, and that night your apron was out I slipped over into your yard and examined the lace until I was sure I could do it. But I never took the apron off the line, and it was there when I left. It—it wasn't ladylike," said Peggy, beginning to cry, "and please don't tell Miss Newell I did it. But you provoked me so, telling Julia I couldn't get it, and I thought you were real mean not to lend me the pattern."

"But you didn't lend me the pattern of that lace your aunt sent you," I said, reproachfully.

Peggy opened her eyes wide.

"But she didn't send me the pattern," she said. "She sent me lace and apron and all, and I couldn't make out how the pattern went, either. I thought you knew that; all the other girls did. I thought you were jealous of my present, because you never said a word about it."

Peggy and I just sat down with our arms around each other and explained everything out. Oh, it was so jolly to be friends with Peggy once more. She came over and stayed all night with me, and we both put our hair in curlers.

Miss Newell came next day, and we had a real nice time. But I think both Peggy and I were just the least little bit disappointed, although we would never admit it even to each other. Miss Newell was very nice, but she didn't talk a bit cleverly, and she was short and stout and quite gray. Of course, that wasn't to be wondered at, really, when you come to think that she was old as mother. But I had never thought of Miss Newell being gray, and it was a great shock to me.

About the pineapple apron? Oh, yes; a

big thaw came in March, and I found it under the lilac bush. It wasn't hurt a bit, but I couldn't bear the sight of it, so I put it in the missionary box. I think Peggy put hers in, too, for I never saw her wear it again, and the missionary's wife wrote to mother, saying that she gave the two pineapple aprons as prizes in the native school. So I suppose they did some good in the world after all.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

SEWING ON A BUTTON.

"Marian," called mamma from her chamber, "will you sew the button on grandpa's coat, please? My head aches so I can't."

"Won't another time do?" answered a doleful voice from the depths of a book. "I've just come to the last chapter, and it's so exciting!"

"No, dear," said mamma; "grandpa is going to town in a few minutes, and must have his coat. He saved the button. It is in one of the pockets."

Marian often sewed on grandpa's buttons. She was proud of knowing how. Only, today, she would rather finish her story first. Reluctantly, she got her work-bag, threaded a big needle with coarse black thread, found the button in the pocket, and taking the coat in her pink gingham lap began to sew.

But her head was still full of her story, as she took the first stitches. Then she came to herself with a start.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed in dismay, "I've sewed clear through the coat! And I've put the knot on the wrong side instead of on the right, under the button."

But she was so anxious to get back to her book that she would not stop to cut it off and begin over again.

Through and through the four holes of the button, and way through the cloth to the wrong side, flashed her needle. Then she fastened the thread on the wrong side, too, in big stitches, and sniped it off. It was quicker to do it that way.

"There," she said, "it's on!"

But she never had sewed on one of grandpa's coat buttons like that before. Not a stitch ought to have been visible on the wrong side any more than on the right. Marian knew that. "But it won't show," she assured herself.

"Thank you, my dear," said grandpa, as he hurried on the coat. "I don't believe every little girl can sew on a button as well as you can." And he rushed off to catch his train.

Marian sat down with her book again. But she didn't enjoy the chapter as much as she had expected. Grandpa's last words haunted her. She hadn't sewed on that button as well as she could.

"Captain!" a voice hailed grandpa on the city street. "We want you to get your picture taken."

"What for?" demanded the Captain, startled.

"To put in the paper," explained his friend. "They are going to give a history of our regiment Memorial Day, and your picture must go with that." For grandpa had been the hero of his regiment.

The Captain objected. But the others prevailed, and he unwillingly found himself before the photographer's camera. Just as he sat down, he unbuttoned his coat and threw back the lapels. He felt more comfortable so.

"An excellent likeness," every one said, and Marian was eager to see the Memorial Day paper. There was the fine old face she knew so well, and there—

"Oh!" Marian caught her breath with a gasp. There were all those clumsy stitches for every one to see. "And I thought they wouldn't show," she sobbed; "because they were on the wrong side, I thought it wasn't any matter."

"It's all right," comforted grandpa. "I don't care about a few threads."

But Marian was not consoled. She cut grandpa's picture out of the paper and pinned it up where she could see it every day. And after that, when she felt like being careless about a thing because she thought it wasn't going to show, a look at those pictured stitches was enough. They made her do her very best.—*Sunday School Times.*

DURANT COLLEGE FUND.

December 4 to 17, 1909.

Woman's Aid and Missionary Society, Max Meadows, Va., \$14; Mrs. A. M. Coit, Barium Springs, N. C., \$10; Mrs. C. C. Black, Rockville, Md., \$1.10; Mrs. W. H. Culton, Raphine, Va., \$1; Mrs. J. A. Cunningham, Palacios, Texas, \$1; Mrs. W. T. Matthews, Durant, Okla., \$1; Misses J. and B. Lemmon, Winnsboro, S. C., \$2; Mrs. M. B. Warren, Quintan, Texas, \$1; Miss J. M. McLeod, Fallston, N. C., \$2.50; Mrs. H. C. Dunn, Rosebud, Texas, \$1; Miss M. E. Erwin, Morganton, N. C., \$5; Mrs. J. R. Brown, Miriam Band, New Providence Church, Virginia, \$10; Miss Nina Laidley, Charleston, W. Va., \$1; A Member of First Presbyterian Church, Columbia, Tenn., \$2; Mrs. R. A. Chandler, Mayesville, S. C., \$1; Mrs. S. R. Dunlap, Eutaw, Ala., \$1. Total, \$54.60.

Pledges—Ladies' Aid Society, Durant, Okla., \$150; Ladies' Aid Society, Marshall, Tex., January, 1910, \$5; June, \$5; November, \$5. Total, \$15. Grand total, \$165.

Special attention is called to the pledge of the Ladies' Aid Society of Durant. Shall we not come forward and do our part with the spirit and example of "beginning at Jerusalem" that this society has shown?

Mrs. A. M. Howison, Treasurer.

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